

# THE QUIVER

Saturday, November 6, 1869.



"Is your master at home?"—p. 67.

## IN DUTY BOUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARK WARREN," "DEEPPDALE VICARAGE," "A BRAVE LIFE," ETC. ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII.—"BREAKERS AHEAD!"

**R**UTH had come from her drive, and was sitting reading over the fire. Her husband often found her thus engaged. She had subscribed to a circulating library close by, and spent a good deal of

time with her feet on the fender, deep in the perusal of some sensational work.

Horace was sorry for it, but he held his peace.

She looked up when he came in, and laid her book

on her lap. She was smiling and serene as ever. It was one of her characteristics.

"Ruth!" (He kissed her, to show that he bore no malice) "Ruth, I have an invitation for you."

"Have you? Where is it to?"

"The Eastons have very kindly asked us to dinner on Thursday."

Again that fall of the countenance. But it cleared up in a moment.

"Then we can't go. We are promised to the Mudfords."

She said it in a triumphant tone, which provoked him immensely.

"The Mudfords, Ruth? You know I don't visit there."

"Oh, but I am going, and so of course you will."

"Of course I shall not. The Eastons are going to have a dinner party."

"And so are the Mudfords. They have got it up expressly on our account."

"Ruth, I have accepted this invitation, and I will not be gainsaid."

She was silent. There was a wonderful amount of obstinacy in her silence.

"Why will you persist in insulting the Eastons?" he asked.

"I don't insult them. I don't want to have anything to do with them."

"But they are my friends."

"I can't help that. It does not follow that they should be mine."

He gave an impatient sigh. He was weary of this unmeaning opposition. He tried to reason with her. He told her of his precarious footing in the town, and how he wished to avoid giving offence to those who had treated him with kindness. He begged her, for his sake, to give way. Simply, if for no other reason, for love of him.

She listened, her face serene, smiling, and obstinate.

When he had done, she said, quietly, that he might do as he liked, she meant to go to the Mudfords. After that, he felt it useless to argue. He went to his office, which was now becoming a kind of refuge. On the way, he looked into Mrs. Perkins' window, and sighed.

But he had one last hope. She might think better of it when she was alone. He persuaded himself that she would. When he came home for tea, he took out his desk, and drew a sheet of note-paper from it, and fetched the ink. She was so sweet and smiling, that he felt sure she would deny him nothing. No little fracas, none of the untoward circumstances of life, ever seemed to ruffle her.

"Now, Ruth, you must answer Miss Easton's invitation. I told her you would when I had spoken to you. It seemed only right to let the little wife have a voice in the matter. I accepted, but it was conditionally."

"I have told you I do not mean to go," said she,

settling herself in her usual place, her feet on the fender.

"I hoped you would think better of it."

"I have not thought about it at all."

He had a great mind to insist—perhaps he had better have done so—but he was a man of peace; and he had a tender, sensitive nature. He was more fitted to lead than to drive.

"Of course, if you will not go, I cannot."

"You had better go. You will not like to be left at home. I shall be at the Mudfords."

He wished the Mudfords were at Jericho.

Very bitter were his feelings as she wrote to decline. But what could he do? "If I go alone, it will be worse," thought he. When she had written the note he went out, and walked up and down in the cool night air. He hardly cared, for the moment, what became of him! He did not oppose her going to the Mudfords as he might have done. He had a vague dread of measuring strength with her. He had never had to do with a thoroughly obstinate nature. And he felt, if the foundation, slight as it was, were rent away, the whole fabric might go to ruins. He bore his grief manfully, and in silence. She had no grief to bear. She was smiling and serene, and read her novels, and trifled over her wax flowers, and ran in and out of Mrs. Mudford's house at will. Truly she needed a stronger hand than his to control her.

Thursday came. He knew she meant to go, for she began to dress by dinner-time, and was closeted up half the day. When he came in to tea a cab was at the door, and she had just sailed down in her magnificence. He had never seen the dress she had on before; it was a new one, and far grander, he thought, than was necessary.

"So you are going?" he said, gravely and sadly.

"Yes. How do you like my new dress?"

"How came you to buy it without consulting me?"

"Oh, that dove-coloured silk is such a dowdy, and the Mudfords have seen it. I wanted something quite new. It is a bride's party, remember."

"Have you paid for the dress, Ruth?"

"Oh dear no!" and she laughed. "I put it down in the account at Bassett's."

He let her pass. So she ran up bills, then. He must see into that to-morrow; and he sat down in the chair by the fire, his face buried in his hands and his heart sadder perhaps than it had ever been.

She did not come home till three in the morning, and he was sitting there then.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

MR. SIBLEY'S WAY OF DOING THINGS.

"Good gracious me, sir! how you frightened me, a-coming and looking in for all the world like a ghost!" And Peggy dropped the pound of butter she

was patting and coaxing into its right shape—and doing it deftly, too, with the air of one who knows thoroughly what she is about—on the kitchen floor.

The man who had looked into the kitchen window was Mr. Sibley. Mr. Sibley had certain ways and customs of his own. He was come on rather an important errand to Ormond Cottage; but he did not ride straight to the point. Oh dear no, that was not at all his custom. He never had done such a thing in his life.

There was a kind of out-house and an old hovel just as you came over the border line where the meadow-farm began. It stood in the corner of a field. Mr. Sibley dismounted, went into the hovel, tied his horse to a rather tumble-down rack, where the wagoner fastened his horses now and then, and left him. After this, he proceeded on foot. He had the air of one thoroughly accustomed to reconnoitre; he peeped and pried about in every nook and corner. He had a little memorandum-book in his hand, and wrote down observations. He was of an observing nature. If you glance at his physiognomy you will see what large perceptive faculties Nature has given him; she does not appear to have given him much moral—at least, nothing to speak of. He moves about in a sly, cautious manner; but he lets nothing escape him. He sees the gaps in the fence, and writes them down. There are not many, and if old Jacobs were not getting worn-out there would have been none. He sees, too, the gates; well, they want a little doing to; gates will get out of order, especially when the wagon-load of clover, which was only brought in last month, ran against one of them and knocked it off the hinges. But he writes down, first, "Fences out of repair; ditto, gates."

"Land in pretty good condition," but—no! Look at the thistles in that field. And here, where he stands—oh dear! there is positively moss! Come, there is no withstanding personal evidence. And he makes haste to write, in a good, firm hand, "Land wants cleaning very badly indeed."

That last paragraph has done him good. He walks on briskly, and with the air of a man who is doing a rattling business. Presently he comes to the farmyard.

He peeps and pries into the cow-sheds. Nice fat heifers are being made comfortable for the butcher. There is plenty of stock in that field. Yes, and that too—sheep, and cows, and horses.

Plenty of stock, if it is in good condition.

He will just see to that, and he climbs nimbly over a stile. How very lean those Herefords look—almost like Pharaoh's lean kine. He is not aware, and he would not care to know either, that the Herefords came in last week to be fattened. It is quite enough for him that he fancies he can count their ribs. He is obliged to qualify a little, because

of the sleek heifers yonder; but he writes down, "Stock middling."

Then he gets briskly over the stile, and proceeds on his way.

Here is a famous windfall for him, better than he expected.

There was a gale last Saturday, and it unroofed some of the outbuildings. How wild and disorderly the pieces of thatch look scattered about. This is Tuesday, and the men are coming to-morrow to repair the mischief.

What does it matter to him when the mischief was done, or when it will be mended?

He writes down, glibly, "Buildings much neglected; in a shameful condition!"

Here is the house. Well, the kitchen-garden is not bad. Might be made more of. Plenty of weeds. Hem! these fruit trees want grafting sadly. Evidently, the gardener does not know how to manage them. There is too much wood, and too much root. What a shame to let that vine use up all the wall. And a greenhouse, too—very silly, indeed. What does a farmer want with a greenhouse?

And having taken a little more time for observations, he wrote down, "Traces of mismanagement everywhere."

Pray, where is the house-dog? Why does he not bark Mr. Sibley off the premises?

But Mr. Sibley had finished his observations, and put the book in his pocket. He would not have been without that book for any money under the sun.

Then, stealthily pursuing his way, he proceeded to startle Peggy out of her senses.

"Is your master at home?" asked he, softly, and in his usual insinuating voice.

"Yes; but you needn't have gone and frightened a body so," replied Peggy, picking up her pound of butter from the floor, and surveying it with anxiety. "Gentlefolks always goes to the front-door."

"Ah! but you see I happened to be on this side the house. And besides, I'm not a proud man—I'm very humble."

"Eh!" said Peggy, looking up at him.

"There's a shilling for you, my good woman, to pay for your fright. Now just tell me if your master is at home."

"Thank ye."

And Peggy pocketed the shilling with great celerity.

"Will you walk round to the other door, sir? I'll run and open it."

"Oh no, thank you! I won't give you the trouble. I'll walk through this way." Kitchen clean and creditable. Famous hams and bacon.

Peggy led him through the hall into a pleasant room of a comfortable home-like appearance, and where a bright fire was burning. This was the general sitting-room. He was very glad of that. He wanted to see things as they were in common every-day life,

not as they appeared in a stiff, formal drawing-room; and he could peep about to his heart's content.

There was Miss Ormond's desk. She had been writing a letter.

"My dear James."

"Who can that be, I wonder? James? A man's name. Has she a cousin of the name of James? How much has she written? Only a line, which says that she received his letter yesterday. Here is another letter;" and he clutches it. "How provoking! It is not directed, and yet fastened down. How neat she keeps her desk. What a tempting stick of sealing-wax. He had a great mind to pocket it. And that is her work-box; how very orderly; with its reels of white cotton, and its scissors, and needles, and tapes, and buttons. She is making a shirt, then. Is it her brother's I wonder. Stay, here is a paper pinned to the heavy cushion: 'One of Joe's shirts—a pattern!' Who on earth is Joe?"

#### CHAPTER XV.

KATE ORMOND.

WHEN Peggy had shut up Mr. Sibley in the general sitting-room, she went up a curious, crooked-back staircase to an apple chamber over the kitchen.

A very small young lady, in a print dress nattily made, and as clean as a new pin, was busily engaged in rubbing and sorting apples.

"If you please, Miss Kate, here's Mr. Sibley, wanting to see master."

"How tiresome!" and the young lady turned round in a short, rather snappish, way. "I never set myself to do anything, but I am interrupted directly!" And, with an impatient jerk, she pulled off a pair of old gloves which kept her pretty white hands from getting soiled.

"Shall I tell the master?" asked Peggy, stolidly.

"No; that's of no use. Of course, I must go myself."

"Master's in the study, Miss."

"I know it," said Kate, crossly. "I wanted him to help me do these apples, and he wouldn't."

Peggy stood a minute, still stolid.

"You can go, Peggy; I'll come;" and she threw down the duster with which she had been rubbing the bright, cherry-cheeked apples. "Of course, I shall have to come."

Peggy retired, and a few minutes after, Kate glided into the study with a little rush, like that of a miniature whirlwind.

"Now, Luke, get up directly! Mr. Sibley is here."

These words were addressed to a very large, long individual, who lay on the sofa, perfectly at his ease, and with a cigar in his mouth.

The individual never stirred an inch.

"Do you hear, Luke? Mr. Sibley is come," repeated she, the words coming out as sharp as could be through her eager lips.

"I don't want to see Mr. Sibley."

"Who is to see him, then?"

"You can, if you like; if you are so fond of him."

"Luke, for shame! It's abominable of you! When I've been slaving all the morning over the apples."

"We were not talking of the apples"—and he gave a little turn to make himself more thoroughly comfortable—"we were talking about Mr. Sibley."

"And you never will help me do anything," continued she, coming nearer, and clenching her little hand; "you'd lie there hour after hour!"

"I'm tired—my back aches."

"And how do you think I am? How do you think my back is?"

"You have so much superfluous energy, Kate," and he looked at her with a kind of admiration; "if you did not use it up somehow I don't know what would become of us."

She gave a short little laugh; she knew in her heart that he spoke the truth.

"But, Luke, now," said she, caressingly, and going close up to him, "come, do get up! How can I manage the business matters as well as everything else?"

"If I get up I shall kick him out of the house."

"Luke!"

"I shall! Kick him clean out, as if he were a football."

A frightened look came into her face; she moved to the glass which hung over the mantelpiece.

"I'm not fit to be seen," she said, with a kind of whimper; "just look at my hair."

"Now, Kate, don't tell fibs!"

Her hair was chesnut, and waved in a way that was thoroughly after its own fashion. She wore it in short little ringlets all over her head; very pretty ringlets they were, too.

"I suppose I must go; it's really a great shame. I have to do everything," continued she, still whimpering.

"Off with you!" said Luke from the sofa.

"What am I to say?" asked she, suddenly facing round to her brother.

"Oh, you know what to say. You know as much of the matter as I do, and can put it a great deal better."

She was smoothing out a jaunty little bow of ribbon that fastened her collar. It did not want it the least bit in the world.

"If you are not off soon, Kate, I'll go!" said Luke from the sofa, and in a deep, gruff, threatening voice.

"Oh, no, no! Lie you still," cried Kate, alarmed beyond measure. And she was gone in an instant.

This little dialogue had taken time, and Mr. Sibley had quite finished his inspection. He was sitting in a chair as still as a mouse. The moment Kate entered



he rose, and stood bowing with the utmost obsequiousness.

"Good morning, sir," said Kate. Kate was short and sharp, not often sweet.

"My dear Miss Ormond, this is a pleasure I did not expect. I called to speak to your brother."

"My brother wishes you to say what you have to say to me," replied Kate.

"I can't help it," she had said many times to herself, "and I won't tell a lie. If Luke chooses to do in this way, he must take the consequences."

Mr. Sibley looked puzzled, but he was as soft as silk; his paws were like velvet.

"I'm sure it is a great pleasure," replied he, softly rubbing his hands, "to talk to so agreeable a young lady as Miss Ormond. But you see, my visit was on business, and young ladies can't be expected to understand——"

"I do," interrupted Kate, boldly; "at least, I understand the business you have come about."

"Dear me! how acute you are. Dear me! really!" And he rubbed his hands together, still softly, but in admiration.

"Is it about the farm?" asked Kate, still boldly.

"Yes, it is about the farm."

"Well, you may just say it all to me. I know everything."

"I don't doubt it; indeed, I might have known; but really—— So I suppose your brother declines to speak to me?"

Kate was silent.

He might think what he liked; it was Luke's fault. He was not engaged in anything but smoking, and she would not say he was.

"It is rather—rather—just a little bit rude of him," said Mr. Sibley.

Kate was still silent.

"So I suppose you and I are to settle the business between us," resumed Mr. Sibley, after thoughtfully stroking his chin. "Well, it is a simple matter enough—as clear as daylight."

"I am glad of it," said Kate. "I like things that are clear as daylight."

Her keen eyes were aimed at him, as she spoke, with such sharpness and penetration, that he lowered his before them.

"The fact is, that my generous and respected patron, Sir Frederic Morton, has sent me to offer terms for the purchase of the farm."

"Yes."

"And he offers a good round sum—more than it's worth, a great deal—oh, a very great deal!"

"Indeed!"

"He offers eleven thousand pounds."

"Does he?" said Kate, carelessly.

"Yes. He wants to have it, in fact, at any price."

"I am sorry for that," returned Kate, "because we do not mean to sell it."

"Oh, but you will think better of that!"

Kate shook her head.

"I tell you you will, Miss Ormond, when you come to reflect——"

"It is no matter of reflection. My dear father, on his death-bed, made us promise never to let it go, and we never will."

She spoke in a sharp, resolute tone. There was a vast amount of decision of character about her, small person as she was.

He looked at her a few minutes, at the sharp outline of her face—pretty, too, and piquant, but sharp, decidedly; at the keen eyes, which glittered with a sort of defiance; at the firm, compact little figure; the neat, trim dress, without a pin awry. He took note of everything. And he hated her. He hated the whole race of Ormonds. Had not the old man, now in his grave, once told him he was a sneaking coward? The Ormonds had the way of speaking their minds pretty freely; and Mr. Sibley had a retentive memory, assisted by his memoranda. He was never likely to forget that remark.

What should he do? He could not exactly bully and threaten a lady in her own house; out of it, was another matter; and out of reach of the long strong brother on the sofa.

"You see, my dear Miss Ormond," he began, things going exactly in the groove he wished, "it may not be altogether in your power to refuse."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean, pardon the observation, that the tenure by which you hold this property may not be so secure as you suppose."

"I am at a loss to understand you, sir."

"It is a complicated affair, and, as I said before, young ladies——"

"Oh, have no scruple, I beg, sir. I can see into the matter as clearly as anybody, though I have the misfortune to be a young lady."

He bowed submissively. "You understand the meaning of the word 'debt'?"

"If I know my alphabet, I should think I do," said Kate, scornfully.

"Well, then, your father has died, leaving a rather heavy debt unpaid."

Kate started.

"Sir Frederic holds the memorandum in his hand—in fact it is a letter with your father's signature. I need not tell a young lady of your comprehensive intellect that he can enforce the payment."

She was looking steadily at him.

"Unless," added he, dropping his eyes under the sharp fire of hers, "unless you are disposed to come to terms, and comply with Sir Frederic's wishes. He offers to take the farm in lieu of the debt. In that case, you will be the gainers by the bargain to the tune of some few thousands; no bad thing either."

"Sir," said Kate, quietly, and without the least bluster, "I believe you have told me a very great falsehood."

"What!" and the man's face grew white and livid with suppressed passion—"what, do you charge me with falsehood—*me, me?*"

"Either with falsehood, or with a mistake of your own invention, sir; which you choose."

"I was never so insulted before, except once"—and he glared at her, now completely unmasked—"except once, and that was by an Ormond!"

"We are a very plain-spoken race," said Kate, coolly, and standing her ground, "and have a toler-

able share of penetration. It would not be very easy to impose on us."

"We shall see—we shall see!" and he took up his hat. "The subject won't be let drop, or my name is not Sibley."

"Good morning, Mr. Sibley," said Kate, with provoking nonchalance. He glared at her again, and went out of the house. Before he was out of sight of it, he turned back, and shook his fist.

"Twice insulted—twice," he muttered; "once by him, once by her!" But I'll be revenged, and that speedily. See if I don't!"

(To be continued.)

## THE CHRISTIAN ON EXCURSION.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A.

### PART I.—HIS PERILS.

**A**LL things change around us, and we seem involuntarily to sympathise with the general variableness. We seek occasional change for ourselves, as if acclimatised with the inconstant atmosphere in which we live. Insular people specially so, as if the propinquity of the sea, the "world's great highway," suggested travel. On the score of health, physical or mental, or both, or for the sake of rest, or of the ease involved in a change of scene and occupation, or for purposes of information and of pleasure, Christians, like other folks, welcome an annual trip anywhere from home, and many travel abroad. Do we all sufficiently note the fact that we carry the honour of our Master with us? That the use or misuse of wayside opportunities for exercising religious influence, dropping a hint on behalf of good things, speaking the word in season, and in general of "showing ourselves workmen that need not be ashamed," wherever we are and whatever we do; that these incidental duties will form so many items in the final account of our stewardship? Hence a few thoughts on the perils and the privileges of travel may not be mistimed.

First. There is the temptation to merge your distinctive character, and identify yourselves with worldly fellow-travellers. You will probably be exposed on the road to the conversation of the ungodly; perhaps not to any gross breach of secular decorum, but to the passing gibe, or civil sneer against religion; possibly to the open discussion of infidel theories, accompanied by disparaging allusions to the doctrines of Christianity, and avowed contempt and neglect of its ordinances. Particularly in reference to the Lord's day, you will overhear in the train, or at the hotel, arrangements made for next Sunday's visits of sight-seeing, or a journey through a dull country, to get rid of a

dull day. You have been used to the quiet of your own chamber for morning and evening communion with your Lord, but you will not be so undisturbed by opposing influences now. Hence you must be "very bold," whether in acting or speaking up to your convictions, even at the risk of being overheard or witnessed, or even contradicted. It is one thing to pray, like the Pharisee, "to be seen of men;" it is another thing to pray with Daniel, in the midst of Babylonians and despisers of God. Be "very jealous for the Lord of Hosts," rather than for any peculiar forms or fancies of your own, and thereby gainsayers will be silenced, though they may not be convinced. Crossing the sea at night, some years since, I was awakened soon after dawn by an occasional sound, as of a suppressed groan. I looked out of my berth, and recognised the white-haired venerable Haldane Stewart on his knees by the side of his own berth, in silent prayer, broken by the occasional escape of some deeper feeling. The good man's example refreshed and strengthened me to follow it, lest I should seem more ashamed than he was of the Gospel of Christ. More eyes than mine might have witnessed the incident, and gathered a "good courage" from it. Be firm, at least with yourself. Assume no offensive air of superiority to those around you, but be on your guard. Don't give place to the carnal-mindedness by which you may be surrounded, otherwise, "the journey shall not be for thine honour," nor to the credit of your religious profession. Give heartily the right hand of fellowship to any fellow-traveller in whose tone of mind you recognise a brother, ready to join you in acknowledging, "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord had said, I will give it unto you." Help, cheer, and support each other. Carefully eschew any extravagance of expenditure which you would not adopt at home, as some

travellers do, indulging the vanity of a short-lived display, as if to magnify their importance in the eyes of strangers. This folly is beneath the dignity or even decency of a Christian man. Seem to be neither more nor less than what you are. "Use this world as not abusing it;" make it a bridge to carry you over your time, a field to be tilled for the Lord of the Harvest, an inn at which to rest on your way beyond, and a Jacob's ladder to help you to mount the skies. Maintain bravely such a relish for the habits and principles which are yours at home, that you could at any time, on the deck of the steamer, in the train, the hotel, or mountain cliff, make your repast on the twelfth of the Romans and the eleventh of the Hebrews; as one who could enjoy the bounties of Providence in every land through which you passed, though never hiding the cockle-shell by laying aside your ordinary calling as strangers and pilgrims, who "desire a better country, that is, a heavenly."

Secondly. You may be tempted to give yourself a kind of vacation from piety as well as business. Not, of course, deliberately intending an episode of actual irreligion, but some relaxation of zeal, vigilance, self-denial, testimony, and Christian effort. Perhaps you plead in excuse within yourself certain past activities in the cause of God, or some kindred resolutions for the future, when you return to your watchtower like a giant refreshed with wine. To be safe you must purge out this leaven before you venture from home; or, like Indian travellers, who sometimes bring along with them a deadly cobra in their trunks unawares, the serpent which deceiveth will be coiling itself about your hands, at a moment when you are without Paul's heart to fling it back to the fire. Therefore, first consecrate your journey from home by an act of special prayer and supplication. Commit it so entirely and honestly to God's direction and decision, that you can and will avow with Moses, "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence." Many continental governments have dispensed with passports for English tourists; but you cannot, you dare not, leave home without one from God. It is possible that He may see fit to fulfil his word—viz., "The Lord ordereth a good man's goings, that his footsteps slip not"—by detaining you at home, or at some other point of your journey which may seem more trying and inconvenient, but a believer in a particular providence will at once submit. "Not my will, but thine be done"—not my way, but thine be trod. I knew and respected the Christian manufacturer of a famous lock who, about fifty years ago, missed the only packet which then sailed nightly between Liverpool and Dublin. He had hurried to the port, 300 miles, only to find himself pacing the deserted dock too late. The business was urgent, being an appointment of

great importance to him with the Indian Government, and was fixed for the morrow. There was now no possibility of its being achieved. In his distress and vexation he fell back upon His wisdom and mercy, who is ever

"Good when He gives, supremely good;  
Nor less when He denies."

The next morning brought the melancholy tidings of the foundering of that vessel, and that all on board had perished! It is never too soon to be saved; it is a mercy to be too late to be lost! I suppose you, then, to have asked in good faith your Lord to be your fellow-traveller; then there is a peril, thirdly, of your ignoring or overlooking his company. There is a probability of the other company more visible and palpable about you, hiding Him from you, as some forget a poor relation or dependent journeying with them. The pusillanimous sin of losing sight of God, which the carnal mind commits inadvertently, or else wittingly allows itself without shame or protest, sometimes sorely tries a true man of God. He inwardly blushes at his secret disloyalty even in thought, and feels it to be one of those "thoughts of the heart," which should humble him to the dust to cry for its forgiveness. But the temptation to this weakness is greatly enhanced abroad among strangers, who know nothing and care nothing as to your religious profession. Friends at home acquainted with your views and habits, respect them in their conversation, if only as a social courtesy. But fellow-travellers, as a rule, know nothing of each other, perhaps care nothing; nay, too seldom observe the distinct marks of the Christian on them. Peter in the midst of Christ's enemies was recognised as a disciple—his "speech betrayed him"—though his denial aggravated his dishonour. Let your speech indicate whose you are, and whom you serve, without the denial of your Lord in any shape.

Christians are few enough at home; I fear you meet fewer abroad. You may chance to be almost the only serious person in the carriage or in the saloon, and in the midst of noisy chatterings about last Sunday's opera, or next Sunday's races, with individuals all around you reading and commenting on vapid romances or sensational paragraphs in some foreign newspaper, it is no easy matter, without injudicious obtrusion, to show yourself possessed of holier and more solid and sensible impressions. Still, at all events, you can "come out from among them," and, as Paul admonished young Timothy, "keep thyself pure." You may conclude from the natural effect of such carnal tests of the faith and love which is in you, the absolute necessity of distrusting your own strength, and being "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

Some things can never be omitted without positive unfaithfulness, nor is there in them any reasonable ground of offence to others, though they be not like-minded. For instance, the uniform observance of the sabbath, steady abstinence from questionable places of amusement, a silent pause before meals to ask a blessing, and a non-compliance with what appear to you to be superstitious customs in foreign churches. These should be visited, not during their times of public worship, with which you have no right or call to interfere, but on private occasions, to avoid offence to them, and pain, perhaps mischief, to yourself. Maintain generally a gravity of manner, without churlishness, and a sound speech which cannot be condemned. I have met men and women, professing an earnest Christianity at home, indulging in an amount of folly on a summer excursion, in grotesque costume, and habitual levity of demeanour, altogether at variance with their ordinary character. I have known damage done to others as well as themselves by these thoughtless aberrations from the sphere of Christian simplicity. Never lose sight of your Lord's solemn injunction—"Whosoever is ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him will the Son of Man be ashamed, when he shall come in his glory."

I am anxious you should not misunderstand these friendly suggestions. I would not have you travel as a group of ascetics, or as frigid, formal icicles, incapable of being thawed into any genial emotion of joy, or pleasurable appreciation of what you see and hear, like a monk with whom I travelled from Rome to Loretto forty years ago, whose monastic habit, rigid silence, constant perusal of a missal, sanctimonious air in presenting tawdry prints of St. Francis to the postillions, in lieu of a more material fee, rendered his companionship neither agreeable nor edifying to anybody throughout the route. Not much wiser was the act of a fellow-countryman of my own, in whose company I once travelled from Leghorn to Florence, who threw from the carriage window at every station we passed numbers of English tracts, wholly unintelligible to their Italian recipients. A single tract in their own language, enough to excite curiosity, and perhaps secure perusal, might have been useful. My friend never spoke, nor noticed in any way the inmates of the carriage, but I pitied and forgave him when, in attempting to open conversation with him, I found he was deaf and dumb! The poor man meant the tracts to speak for him, but his mistake was the "unknown tongue."

You must not expect your home ideas to be reproduced and multiplied in every place you visit. There is an exchange of mind, as well as barter. We can all learn something, and per-

haps unlearn more, from one another. Christians are not as children, unable to know the evil or to choose the good.

Travel expands the mind, and should make the heart more catholic in its tone and tolerations, making all just allowance for the diversities in national tastes and customs. It is a safe rule, "Grace be with all those who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," though their modes of showing it may differ widely from your own.

Fourthly. Avoid a querulous, irritable spirit.

Everything may not turn out exactly to your mind. You must reckon upon many differences from what you have been used to, in food, lodging, locomotion, domestic comforts, and national habits and customs. I have not infrequently observed Christians give way to an amount of temper on small occasions of inconvenience or annoyance, which has neither edified them, nor commended their Christianity to others. Others I have met, whose invariable selfishness in hastily and rudely securing the best accommodation, whether on the route or at rest, displayed so uncourteous an inconsideration of the claims of others, that one has been tempted to apply to such minor details the apostolic injunction bearing on all points of life, "Look not every man to his own things, but every man to the things of others also." I think, with some happy exceptions, travelling betrays the unamiable and the self-seeking feature in men more than most other occupations of life. You must have remarked this indifference to others in any public conveyance. You could not ride a mile in one at home without being struck with it, perhaps annoyed by it. Now, Christians can no more afford to be *not* Christians in small things than in greater ones. The world judges character by these trifling betrayals; it seldom sees our graver incongruities, and of course forms its opinion by the only opportunities it has. Many a man's religion has sunk in the estimation of others from his suffering some petty inconvenience to upset him. "Dead flies cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour; so doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour."

I have often been disgusted with the perpetual murmur of such men at all things they met with; their fretful and gratuitous complaints of the speed of trains, the arrangements on board of vessels, the unavoidable delays at points of the route, their diet, drink, beds, charges, and the thousand other incidents of travel; and one has wondered why they left home at all, regretted that they had done so, and one has longed for the earliest opportunity of escape from their tiresome companionship. Such men's pretence of personal religion is a farce and a fraud. Personal their religion may be, but it is not evangelical. It is





"And then, for the first time, she heard the story of the diamond ring."—p. 76.

not the Christianity which implies a meek and quiet self-denial in all things, great or small—a "contentment with such things as ye have;" a charity which "suffereth long and is kind, which envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." That's the text to travel on. It's one to commend a man's religion, whether at home or abroad, and any signal divergence from its lovely maxims stamps the man with grievous incongruity, if not with gross hypocrisy.

One closing thought, reserving the *privileges* of travel for a subsequent paper. Let the Christian remember, in a strange place, where no familiar eye meets his, that he can nowhere escape the fact, "Thou God seest me!" You may leave other cares, and perhaps anxieties, behind you, and put a distance which insures a temporary respite and repose between you and them, but you must "set the Lord always before you." There He is and will be, either as your friend or foe. As David put it, "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy right hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say surely the darkness shall cover me, even the night shall be light about me: yea the darkness hideth not from thee."

There is both caution and comfort in such thoughts as these. Believe them and take them with you. Act as being ever in the Master's eye. Life is all a journey; and be its locomotion by the way fast or slow, there is no retarding or accelerating its speed by a point of time or a moment's space. As the labourer consoles himself in the pressure or variety of calls upon his toil, that "it all goes into the day's work," which can neither be shortened nor prolonged, so the believer "works while it is called to-day," anticipating his release and rest, when the "night cometh when no man can work." Until then, he is content to feel wherever he is; "I am a stranger and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." His brother man may treat him as a stranger, but he is nevertheless "a fellow-citizen with the Saints, and of the household of God." A Christian's sensations in a foreign land, or anywhere from home, should serve rather to deepen than to dissipate these convictions. "Now the world leaveth me alone, yet I am not alone, my Father is with me." The traveller from on high consoled Himself on earth with this reflection; and Jacob did so too, in that journey of the night when he could say to his Lord—

"My company before is gone,  
And I am left alone with Thee.  
With Thee all night I mean to stay,  
And wrestle till the break of day."

Following his God, though with "halting thigh," all his halting-places were so many Bethels and Ebenezers, as grateful memorials of the angel, who, like the cloud in the desert, had "led him all his journey through."

## THE DIAMOND RING.

### PART II.

"**T**HUS ends the romance of my life," exclaimed John, with a deep-drawn sigh, as he put the parcel and its contents away out of sight. He wrote at once to his sister, saying he should remain in London for the present, and telling her to keep what had happened a profound secret for Gertrude's sake.

Poor Gertrude! she could not understand how it was her friends had so suddenly forsaken her; and in a few months the suspense she suffered in consequence of this told visibly upon her health, and her aunt, in some alarm, consulted a physician upon the subject. His opinion was anything but reassuring, for, although he could detect no positive disease, he said she was so extremely weak as to be in great danger.

Something of this was communicated to her, but

she was so averse to being removed from her native town, that the idea of taking her to a warmer climate had to be given up.

Alice Lester heard of her illness at length, and, overcoming the feeling she had entertained against her, she went to see her.

Gertrude was pleased, but so agitated at seeing her friend once more, that very little could be said on either side beyond the fact that Edward was rising rapidly in his situation and the confidence of his employers. Alice was greatly surprised to see the alteration in Gertrude, and mentioned it to her brother when she wrote a few days afterwards. She had also another fact to communicate. A letter had been received directed to her mother, which she had opened, and found to come from an uncle whom they had long supposed to be dead, but who now wrote to say he was very ill, and begged his sister to come to him.

"What shall we do, John?" wrote Alice. "I think one of us ought to go and see Uncle Alfred."

For answer, John arrived himself a few days afterwards, and announced his intention of going to see his uncle at once. "How is Ger—Miss Harley?" he asked, trying to appear indifferent, although it was easy to see he felt very anxious about her.

"Very ill, John," replied Alice, seriously; "you would scarcely know her, she is so altered. I do not think she can live long—she does not think so herself—scarcely wishes it, I think."

"Has she ever made any allusion to—to—"

"No, never. Once or twice I have thought she was going to speak of it, but she has not. But for that I should think she was quite ready to die—she is so gentle and patient, and though pale and worn, there is a calm happiness about her in spite of the sadness that lingers in everything she does. Even her aunt is subdued and gentle to her now, and carries her from one room to the other without thinking anything of the trouble."

"My poor Gertrude!" exclaimed John; and then, afraid to trust himself to hear any more, he rushed from the room. An hour afterwards he was travelling towards the death-bed of his uncle.

He had never seen him before, although from his letter it appeared that he must have called upon Mrs. Lester shortly before her death. But for this circumstance he might not have troubled himself to go so far, but thinking that his mother would have done so had she been living, he felt it to be his duty to do it now.

He found his uncle with little difficulty; but the people in the house told him he had only come just in time, for the doctor had said he could not last many hours. John went up-stairs fully prepared to be startled, but wholly unprepared for the discovery he made.

The dying man held out his hand—a thin, wasted hand—as John approached the bed, but instead of taking it he started back aghast, for, circling the little finger, gleamed his mother's diamond ring.

"Won't you take my hand, nephew—Lizzie's son?" murmured the dying man, feebly.

John overcame his agitation, and took the white nerveless hand in his. "It wasn't that, uncle," he gasped, still staring at the gleaming diamonds; "but—but where did you get that ring—my mother's ring?"

"From your mother, my boy. Did you never hear the story of that ring?"

John shook his head.

"It was left to me when my father died; but I being abroad, your mother was to take charge of it until I came home to claim it, which I did less than a year since. After me it was to go to your mother or her eldest son. She is dead, and so it will be yours in a few hours."

The dying man sank back on his pillow exhausted, while John sat down, and wished that he had never seen the ring which had caused him so much misery.

In a few hours the closing scene was over; and, leaving word that he would return again before the funeral, he took the ring, which he almost hated as the price of Gertrude's life, and hastened home with all speed.

"Alice, look here," he said, fiercely, holding out his hand as he entered the room where his sister was sitting; "you told me that Gertrude had taken it, and between us we have killed her," and he groaned in his agony as he sank into a chair.

Alice was scarcely less agitated; but before she could speak the servant entered to say that Miss Harley had sent to ask Miss Lester to go to her at once if she possibly could.

"Alice, I'll go," exclaimed John, starting from his seat, and, before his sister could interpose, he had snatched up his hat, and was striding through the streets at the top of his speed.

Arrived at the house, he bethought himself that his sudden appearance might prove injurious to Gertrude; but it was now too late to retreat.

"Tell Miss Harley that Miss Lester will be with her shortly, and ask if she will see Mr. John Lester," he said, when the door opened.

He heard the message delivered in the drawing-room, and the minutes seemed hours until the servant came back.

"Will you come in?" she said, at length; and, noticing his agitation, she said, "Miss Gertrude is very weak, sir."

John took the hint and calmed himself—at least, he thought he had until he saw the pale, shadowy form of Gertrude lying on the couch, when he almost fell forward with the shock. Gertrude was by far the most calm, although this visit was quite unexpected.

"I'm glad you've come, John," she said, holding out her hand, and smiling through her tears. "I may call you John, may I not, for the little time I shall be here now?"

"Oh, Gertrude, don't kill me," wailed John, in a broken voice; "I know I deserve it."

Gertrude looked astonished. "Are you ill?" she asked, anxiously, raising herself on her elbow and looking up in his face.

John saw he must be cautious, and, once more mastering himself, tried to speak calmly. "I should soon be well, my darling, if I could only see you getting better."

"John, this isn't kind now," replied Gertrude, greatly agitated, yet still holding his hand.

"My darling, it is kind. Oh, Gertrude, live for me, or I shall break my heart for the cruel mistake that I have made."

"Mistake?" repeated Gertrude. "You made no mistake. I did work for money—for money to send to Edward."

"You worked, Gertrude?"

"Yes; an old friend of my mother's advanced me five pounds, and allowed me to earn it afterwards by working muslin collars. I did not wish any one to know it, but somehow you found it out and——"

"I did not," interrupted John.

"But you said I should know why you wrote."

"And you thought I referred to that, my darling? Oh, Gertrude! what an awful mistake I have been making all this time. Can you forgive me and live for me?"

"What was it?" asked Gertrude.

"I must not tell you yet, darling; by-and-by,

when you get stronger—for you will get well, I feel sure—and then I will tell you all about it."

It soon became evident that Gertrude was too weak to hear any more then; but the next day she was a little better, and each succeeding visit John paid he thought he saw some improvement; although it was many weeks before she was well enough to go out, even for a short drive. After this, however, her improvement went on rapidly, and in less than three months Alice became not almost but altogether her sister. On the day they were married, John took the ring he had worn since his uncle's death from his finger and placed it on hers.

"There," he said, "let that be a warning to us not to judge too hastily or merely from appearances;" and then, for the first time, she heard the story of the diamond ring.

## THE HARVESTING:

AN ENGLISH IDYL.

### I. MORNING.

**T**HE flowers of the summer are faded away,  
But the valley is golden with grain-wealth  
to-day;  
Rich fruit hangs in clusters, and wreaths of gay  
hops,  
And the nut and the berry are ripe in the copse.  
My own dearest Maud, while the day is still new,  
And the pastures are moist with vanishing dew;  
While the shadows stretch long from the dark forest  
trees,  
And the odours of fruit load the fresh morning  
breeze—  
Let us forth, where the orchard, and hop-yard, and  
field,  
To the harvesters' labour their ripe treasures yield;  
We'll wander awhile mid the light-hearted throng,  
And watch them while toiling, and list to their song.

### SONG.

See o'er the plain  
Waves the gold grain,  
Ripening and whitening in sunshine and breeze;  
Heavily now,  
On many a bough,  
The ruddy-cheeked apples hang down from the trees.  
Out with the morn,  
Sweep down the corn;  
Maids tend the sickle and bind up the grain;  
Gather the fruit  
Ere it fall from the shoot;  
Fill every basket, and load every wain.  
Labour all day,  
While labour we may,  
Till evening shall come when man labours no more;

The God that ordains

The fruits and the grains,  
Shall bless cheerful labour "in basket and store."

### II. EVENING.

Dear Maud, let us linger abroad till the even,  
While twilight's cold finger tones down the bright  
heaven;  
And think, though youth's pleasures like flowers  
depart,  
Love's autumn brings treasures to fill the true  
heart.  
But soon shall the wind, sweeping rudely along,  
Strip the wood of its leaves, rob the grove of its  
song;  
And the richness of autumn shall vanish away  
As the bird from the grove and the leaf from the  
spray.

Sweet heart! then we'll wander no more at eve-tide,  
But cheerily ponder our bright hearth beside,  
And think how the treasures love garners at home  
Shall yield us their pleasures till brighter days come.

### SONG.

Down the red west  
The sun sinks to rest,  
Ruddily rises the full harvest moon;  
With dance and with song,  
Speed the evening along,  
Man, take thy rest, thy day's labour is done.  
Thou hast gathered and reaped,  
Thou hast garnered and heaped,  
Thy barns are all filled, thou hast laid up thy store;  
"Soul, take thine ease,"  
For the rich autumn days  
Will be each more abundant than those gone before.



But my soul answers, "No,  
God wills it not so,  
And gives us no tenure of life or of wealth;  
While each passing day  
Preaches change and decay,  
Robs earth of her brightness and man of his health."  
For clouds soon arise,  
Darkening the skies—  
Cold rain by day and the keen frost at eves;  
Then through the groves  
The gusty wind roves,  
And rends from the branches the sere russet leaves.  
Brief the day grows;  
Turbidly flows  
A hoarse-brawling torrent, the stream from the hill;

Rare now is heard  
The song of the bird,  
And the beams of the sunlight are watery and chill.  
And so, day by day,  
As the hours glide away,  
The glories of Autumn shall all disappear;  
Till Winter shall clasp  
The cold Earth in his grasp,  
And Nature, mid snow-palls, is laid on her bier.  
On her bier she is laid,  
But "not dead is the maid;"  
She sleepeth in hope that the moment shall come,  
When a voice from the skies  
Shall say, "Maiden, arise!"  
And wake her again in her beauty and bloom.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

## THE GROTTO.

BY MARY WOOD.



PERFECTLY detest this place! It is neither a college, such as gentlemen go to, nor a common free school. It is true we have plenty to eat; we have pretty good clothes, and we learn quite enough; but there is that sneak Ashby always looking so solemn, and splitting upon us if we only want to have a bit of fun, and—and——"

Frank Roberts was going to make further complaint, had not the appearance of one of the masters in the playground put a stop to his harangue.

The establishment with which Frank Roberts was so dissatisfied, was one of those excellent foundations wherein a certain number of boys are boarded, clothed, and educated, free of expense, and a certain number of aged men reside in almshouses, receiving a weekly stipend for their support, under the will of a benevolent but rather eccentric individual, who, having been deserted by his mother in infancy, and never having had the blessing of a wife, had thought fit to leave his self-acquired property for the sole benefit of his own sex.

Frank Roberts had been placed in this establishment by a gentleman to whom his father was distantly related, in consequence of the latter's failure in business under circumstances which involved no loss of character. And it was the further intention of this kind friend to take Frank into his own counting-house when he should leave school.

The number of pupils being limited, the supervision was, perhaps, closer than was agreeable to Master Frank, who, though a good-natured lad enough in a general way, had a propensity for playing mischievous tricks, which he and those who followed his example called *fun*. The old gentlemen in the almshouses were his principal victims, espe-

cially one of them, named Morris, who had been at one time wealthy, and who still retained a taste for the elegance and refinement which he had been formerly accustomed to. His little house was prettily furnished—the walls were covered with fine engravings in gilt frames, the windows ornamented with flowering geraniums, and the whole kept in a state of the utmost order and neatness.

Mr. Morris certainly did display a good deal of irritation when he found, on descending one morning, his two favourite cats busily employed in scratching up his handsome red-bordered door-mat into a heap of loose hemp, through Frank having placed some valerian—a herb of which cats are fond—underneath it the night before; and, again, when he awoke in the night, and perceived a strong smell of fire, caused by a lighted congreve match which Frank had pushed into the keyhole. It was true, he complained to Dr. Marshall, and caused Frank to be punished; but he was a kind-hearted man, and always rewarded the boys who were attentive to him, sometimes showing them the beautiful pictures in his books, or relating incidents of his travels in foreign countries.

It was after a punishment which Frank had incurred, that he made the speech we commenced with.

"Of what were you talking," asked Mr. Penn, the second master, "when I came?"

No answer was returned to this query, till Frank, who was truthful, although thoughtless, replied, "It was I who was speaking, Mr. Penn."

"And what were you saying?"

"Only that I did not like this school."

"Why do you not like it?"

Because one can never have a bit of fun without being punished for it."

"But you ought to feel that annoying and terri-

fying an aged man is a wicked thing; that it might do him great injury, and have consequences which you would regret all your life."

"I never thought of that," said Frank; "I will not do such things any more."

"That is well," returned Mr. Penn; "I hope you will keep your word. But with regard to disliking school, you are old enough at twelve years of age to know that without education you are not likely to succeed in life; therefore you ought to be grateful to those who have placed you here, and endeavour to make the best use of your time."

Frank looked serious at these remarks, and at night he thought them over, remembering his parents' anxiety for his success; and that much of the future comfort of his family might hereafter depend upon his conduct.

When young people are tempted to enter upon a wrong course, they would do well to recollect that not only they but all those who love them may suffer for their faults.

However, Frank resolved to amend his ways, and to be good and steady for the future; but the consequences of our wrong-doing often fall upon us when we are trying to do right, and nothing in the world is so difficult to get rid of as a bad character—at least, such was Frank's experience. For a week or two he applied to his studies, was steady in his conduct, and paid so much attention to Mr. Morris, that the old gentleman, who had always been partial to Frank's open, good-humoured face, was quite mollified; and one afternoon, when it was a half-holiday, he actually asked Frank to tea.

Now this was a great treat; and as he enjoyed the jam, and muffins, and the fine tea, with cream in it, and listened to Mr. Morris's interesting conversation, Frank felt confirmed in his good resolutions.

After tea, Mr. Morris lifted a handsome paraffin lamp (the gift of his daughter, who was a governess), and was going to light it, but on trying to do so, he found that it wanted oil, so he asked Frank to take the can and fetch a pint of the best paraffin from the oil-shop.

On Frank's return the room was empty, Mr. Morris having gone up-stairs. Frank thought, therefore, that he would put some oil in the lamp and light it, as he had often seen his mother do at home. But he forgot, or had not observed, that she always did it in a cool place, and not close to a blazing fire.

There was a loud explosion, the room was full of smoke and flame, and Frank, in a state of horror at what he had done, rushed out at the door, and through the open gates of the building into the road. On—he sped, too much terrified to look behind him; he turned down a side street which led into another open road, full of shops and passengers; then, fearing to meet some one he knew, he turned

down an alley, at the end of which he stopped to take breath.

"Oh, what shall I do! I can never go back," thought he. "They will be sure to say I did it on purpose."

As Frank emerged from the alley into another street, two fire-engines passed, tearing along at head-long speed, followed by a crowd of people, shouting, "Fire! fire!"

"They are going to the building," thought Frank. "What shall I do? No one will ever believe that it was an accident."

Down another alley he sped, still running, till he came full against another boy, who was running like himself.

"Halloo!" said the latter. "Who are you? What are you running for at this rate?"

"I can't tell," replied Frank, in terror of being discovered.

"One 'ud think the p'lice was upon you; p'raps they may be."

Though the appearance of this boy was anything but favourable, Frank felt glad of some one to speak to, and resolved upon asking him where he could sleep.

"Sleep!" he replied; "have yer got any tin?"

"Only a shilling," said Frank.

"Oh, a bob," repeated the boy. "Well, come along o' me."

Frank accompanied his ragged conductor through a number of streets and turnings, and into a court of wretched-looking houses, one of which they entered. After going up three flights of narrow dirty stairs, they turned into a large garret. Nothing could be less inviting than its appearance—the one window, with its broken panes filled up with old coats, hats, &c., admitted scarcely any light; the furniture consisted only of a broken bedstead, which, from the inequality of the floor, stood upon three legs, the other pawing the air, like some rampant animal; a heap of rags and a coarse rug were loosely thrown upon it; besides this, a deal table, and a rickety arm-chair were the only other articles. In the latter sat the most repulsive-looking old woman Frank had ever seen. She had on a man's hat and coat, over an old ragged brown petticoat, and was smoking a short black pipe, while she sorted what appeared to be coloured rags upon the table.

"Who the dickens have you brought here, now, Charley?" she asked, fixing her wicked eyes upon poor Frank.

"A young gen'man as wants to lodge with yer. He wants a sleeping-place."

"Them as sleeps here must do as we do and dress as we dress. Them clothes of his would bring the perlice on us in no time. So off with 'em, young gen'man."

As she spoke she threw a bundle of rags to Frank, who felt too much terrified not to put them on; the

old woman, as he did so, making the good clothes he took off into a bundle, which she deposited in a corner of the room with several others.

Frank, therefore, found himself transformed into just such a ragamuffin as his companion, who said, "Come along, Jim—that's what I shall call you; we never asks no names here. Come along; we're going to build a grotto."

On going to the other end of the court, they were joined by two or three other low boys, and they all began to build a grotto with some oyster-shells that lay before one of the houses.

For some time Frank felt diverted by this, and laughed at the annoyance of the passers-by, who were tormented by the persistence of the boys, till all at once there was a cry of "Police! police!" A gentleman had caught hold of Charley's hand in the act of drawing a silk handkerchief out of his (the gentleman's) pocket. Accustomed to such scrapes, Charley soon wriggled himself free, and scampered away, throwing the handkerchief down as he went; it fell at Frank's feet, who, quite astounded and bewildered, was stooping to pick it up and give it to the owner just as two policemen made their appearance. All the other boys having disappeared, they seized upon Frank as the thief, and, in spite of his protestations of innocence, dragged him off to the station, where, as it was now late, he was thrust into a cell with two men who had been taken up for begging in the streets.

He passed a wretched night in the bare dismal cell along with the two tramps to whom, in his misery, he told his story.

"You'd better to go home at once, and beg for pardon," said one of them; "if so be there's any truth in what you say."

"But how shall I get away from here?"

"That's more'n I can tell," replied the man. "Mayhaps, as you seem to be a young hand, they may send you to a 'formatory.'"

Frank wept himself to sleep, and in the morning, after breakfasting on bread and skilly, he was taken before the magistrate, in whom, to his utter consternation, he recognised Mr. Wilkinson, his father's friend, the gentleman who had placed him at the school.

Composed as was the public functionary in his duties, he could not restrain a start of surprise at seeing Frank Roberts, the son of an esteemed friend, before him in the wretched habiliments he then wore, and under a charge of pocket-picking.

"How is it," said he, sternly, "that I see you here in this position?"

With sobs and tears, Frank told his tale, protesting earnestly that he did not take the handkerchief. The policeman testified to having overheard him relate the same circumstances, verbatim, the evening before in the cell, and stated that he knew the house in the court as the resort of a set of thieves whom he

had been watching for some time. Armed with a warrant, he and a comrade went to it, and soon returned with Frank's clothes; and with the old woman and Charley in custody. The gentleman who had been robbed, identified the latter as the real culprit, and withdrew the charge against Frank.

He was therefore discharged, and Mr. Wilkinson sent him, under the care of the policeman, back to school, where they found Dr. Marshall, the headmaster, in a state of great anxiety about him. Though terribly ashamed of his adventure, Frank was thankful to find that the consequences of his accident had not been so bad as he expected.

The explosion having been heard by the porter, who was watering the flower-beds at the time, he contrived to extinguish the flames with his engine before they had caught anything but a pile of newspapers that lay upon the table.

The terror and misery which Frank had undergone in so short a time had a salutary effect upon his mind; he was convinced of the great importance of character, and that it is not one of the least misfortunes to have acquired an ill name.

### "THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

39. One of the prophets has been mentioned by an old writer as being especially "the comforter of captives." Give his name.

40. What prophet may be called "the prophetic apostle of the Gentiles?"

41. What relation was Zeruiah to David?

42. Where, in Scripture, do we find the earliest mention of the building of an altar?

43. Of what king of Israel is it recorded that, soon after his anointing, the Spirit of God came upon him, and he prophesied among the prophets?

44. Samuel was called a seer, but his later successors were called prophets. How do we know this?

45. The stem of what plant was anciently used for measurement, and where in the Old and New Testaments do we find mention of this?

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 64.

30. Genesis xvi. 9.

31. Daniel iv. 27.

32. 1 Timothy iii. 6.

33. Acts xvi. 10; where "we" is used for the first time.

34. Because the others remained confessing their sins. He having no sins to confess did not remain.

35. 2 Timothy iii. 8.

36. He was his nephew. Colossians iv. 10.

37. Because they were near Bethsaida, where Philip came from; he, therefore, would be more likely to know where bread might be bought. So God always "proves us," in the most ordinary and natural things of life.

38. Pharaoh. Genesis xlvii.

## STRAY NOTES.

**OPEN-AIR** preaching is not very seductive work. Volunteers, however, are not wanting to carry it on with persevering zeal, and, what is just as essential to success, a fitness for their self-imposed and entirely honorary duty. The Open Air Mission organises this sphere of missionary effort, and, judging from the results given in the last report of the society, upon a most admirable system. We select the following entry from a hundred others, first because it is one of the briefest, and next because it is a very fair specimen of the rest:—

"**Tranmere Wakes** (or Fair) *Cheshire*, May, 1869.—The people here were very drunken and disorderly. There was a great deal of fighting among them. Fifty policemen were required to keep them in order. Edward Usher sold 400 Bibles, Testaments, and portions, in spite of the uproar, and in the midst of it. He says he never was in a worse place in his life: 10,000 tracts were given away among the people."

A great deal done and very little said about it, which is the true test of merit after all.

THERE are chickweed friends, who shut themselves in at the slightest sign of cloudy weather.

WE recently came upon the information that

"In India, out of more than 150,000,000 inhabitants under direct British dominion, 110,000,000 are Hindoos, 25,000,000 Mussulmans (a much smaller proportion than was popularly supposed); while 12,000,000 belong to tribes who descend from the occupiers of India before the Aryan immigration took place. There are 4,000,000 Buddhists and a few Jews and Parsees. The Roman Catholics claim 640,000 native adherents; chiefly found in the extreme south, and descended from the ancient community known as the Christians of St. Thomas. The Protestant missionaries estimated the numbers attached to their persuasion at 213,000 in 1862; but the total is thought to have greatly augmented since the date of that estimate, chiefly by conversion among the aboriginal tribes in remote parts of India, and in Burmah. The Christians of European and mixed origin are estimated at about 240,000."

This shows how little has yet been done in that vast field of missionary labour. The Lord of the vineyard will surely reap a far greater harvest of fruit in the years to come.

THERE is profound truth in the statement of our poet laureate, that women differ, "Worst and best, as heaven and hell." It has been noticed by an eminent writer that the fiercest persecutions have been the result of female influence. "The most atrocious of the Pagan persecutions was attributed to the mother of Galerius; and in Christian times the Spanish Inquisition was founded by Isabella the Catholic; the massacre of St. Bartholomew was chiefly due to Catherine de Medicis; and the most horrible English persecution to Mary Tudor." Seeing how much evil a bad woman can effect, and knowing that they are equally powerful on the other hand for good, how careful ought parents be about the training

of their daughters, to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

**THE MODERN PASSOVER.**—The feast, as now held in London, is an attractive scene. We see a Jewish family around their table on the eve of the Passover. Everything is clean; all looks cheerful. The table, covered with a white fine linen cloth, handsomely laid out, the lamp burning brightly. In the middle of the table you see a large dish with three unleavened cakes, one placed upon the other. The uppermost is called Cohen, the next Levite, and the nethermost Israelite, representing the three classes existing amongst the Jews. Next to the large dish there are three smaller ones, filled with bitter herbs and sweet sauces, which are to be eaten in commemoration of the bitter labour their forefathers had to perform in Egypt, but sweetened by the hope of deliverance. Before each member of the family is placed a cup of wine, the cup of blessing; and presently the head of the family takes the cup in his hands and says, "Blessed art Thou, O eternal God, King of the universe!" Then the whole company lay hold on the dish in which the unleavened cakes are, lift it up, and say with a loud voice, "Lo, this is as the bread of affliction which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt. Let those who are hungry enter and eat thereof, and all who are necessitous come and celebrate the Passover. At present we celebrate it here, but next year we hope to celebrate it in the land of Israel. This year we are servants here, but next year we hope to be free men in the land of Israel." They then rehearse the whole history connected with their delivery and exodus from Egypt, after which they take supper; then follow prayer, praises, and hymns. They pray for their national restoration, for the coming of the Messiah; sing the well-known hymn, "The mighty God shall build his temple speedily;" and they conclude this joyful evening with calling out in Hebrew, "Next year we shall be at Jerusalem." All this is very interesting; but the Lamb, the Paschal Lamb, is not seen here! Not even its type or its shadow remains with the Jew. But why do the Jews not sacrifice their Paschal Lamb? They say, "Alas! now our temple has been destroyed on account of our sins, the sacrifices have ceased, we have no more a priest who can offer the sacrifice; receive, therefore, our prayer instead of the sacrifice of the Paschal Lamb, and restore to us our temple; then we will offer unto thee the Paschal Lamb in its season, as thou hast commanded us by thy servant Moses." What an excellent opportunity is here given to the missionary to bring before the Jew, Christ the true Paschal Lamb! How often have we done so, here and elsewhere?—*Dr. Ewald.*